UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

In Memoriam

Thomas Henry Huxley

1825-1925

Huxley, Defender of the Faith

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

Huxley: A Biography

By JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

Tributes

SIR FRANCIS DARWIN, BERTRAND RUSSELL, ISRAEL ZANGWILL
EDEN PHILLPOTTS, CLEMENT SHORTER, CLARENCE DARROW
HAMILTON HOLT, IRVING FISHER, BISHOP BRENT, EDWARD
A. ROSS, W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS, AND OTHERS

VOLUME XCV NUMBER 13

Chicago, May 25, 1925

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.00. Single Number, 10 Cents.

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCV MONDAY, MAY 25, 1925 NUMBER 13

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

For thoughtless faith, new faith in thought!
For "Thou shalt not," a clear "You can!"
A modern wise man he who taught
Not man-like God, but God-like Man!

—E. Ralph Cheyney.

Thomas Huxley was born on May 4, 1825. The one hundredth anniversary of so notable a date in the history of modern science UNITY observes in this issue by the publication of material especially gathered for this purpose. We count it an honor thus to pay tribute to a man who, among all the great scientists and thinkers of the nineteenth century, stands second only to his master, Charles Darwin, in nobility of character and in majesty of thought. In remembering Huxley, one thinks first not so much of the man as of the work to which the man dedicated the energies of a long and consecrated life. Huxley himself would have it so, for one of the most attractive qualities of his soul was humility, his utter thoughtlessness of himself and of his personal interests. Throughout all his days Huxley was concerned only with finding and proclaiming Truth, never with the credit which he might win, or the discredit which he might suffer, in this high service of the ideal. Defining the purpose of his life, Huxley said at one time that he had ever made it his paramount duty to

> smite all humbugs; to give a nobler tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies; to tolerate everything but lying; to be indifferent as to whether work is recognized as mine or not, so long as it is done.

To get the work done, to spread abroad the light of Truth, without regard to name, or fame, or fortune, this was Huxley's spirit always—the spirit of an absolutely humble, faithful, consecrated champion of honesty and right. In the crisis of human thought that is now upon us, in the incredible recrudescence of ignorance and superstition that is all about us, Huxley would not merely ask but resolutely demand that we keep his centennial anniversary not by eulogizing his memory but by continuing his work—teaching anew his truth of Evolution!

It is impossible, however, not to pause for a moment in tribute to such a man as Huxley. We think of his heroic moral stature as best depicted, perhaps, in his letter to his friend, Charley Kingsley, written on September 23, 1860, on the occasion of the death of his beloved son, Noel. Answering Kingsley's appeal for acceptance of the Christian faith, Huxley replied:

> My convictions . . . on all the matters of which you speak, are of long and slow growth and firmly rooted. But the great blow which fell upon me seemed to stir them to their foundation, and had I lived a couple of centuries earlier I could have fancied a devil scoffing at me and them, and asking me what profit it was to have stripped myself of the hopes and consolations of the mass of mankind. To which my only reply was and is—Oh, devil! truth is better than much profit. I have searched over the grounds of my belief, and if wife and child and name and fame were all to be lost to me one after the other as the penalty, still I will not lie.

Again, in this letter, he wrote:

> Science seems to me to teach . . . the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all risks to do this.

Speaking of his own faith, Huxley continued:

> "Sartor Resartus" led me to know that a deep sense of religion was compatible with the entire absence of theology. Secondly, science and her methods gave me a resting-place independent of authority and tradition. Thirdly, love opened up to me a view of the sanctity of human nature and impressed me with a deep sense of responsibility. . . . If it has been or will be my fate to advance the cause of science, if I feel that I have a shadow of a claim on the love of those about me . . . it is because these agencies have worked upon me.

Here is the whole man, one of the noblest who ever lived! Huxley's supreme qualities were unimpeachable integrity, supreme reverence for veracity, hatred of hypocrisy and sham, untiring devotion to truth, unflinching courage, the joy of battle for the right, the high chivalry of honorable combat, an exalted sense of duty, and a pure heart. If he lacked something of Darwin's gentleness and patience, he lacked all of Spencer's pettiness and Haeckel's bitterness. He was a Sir Galahad in gleaming mail and with naked sword, in quest of the Holy Grail.

But Huxley's *work!* This was three-fold, each aspect centering about his utter conviction of the truth of Darwin's doctrine of Evolution, and his utter devotion to Darwin as the discoverer of this doctrine. Within a few weeks after the publication of "The Origin of Species," Huxley wrote to Darwin under date of November 23, 1859, "As for your doctrine, I am prepared to go to the stake, if requisite." In zestful anticipation of opposition, he continued, "I am sharpening up my claws and beak in readiness." There followed twenty years of battle, in which Huxley fought continuously on three fronts. First of all, he met the combined opposition of science and the church, and conquered both. Science was unprepared for Darwin's revelations. Only Hooker, Lyell and Sir John Lubbock confessed themselves converted in England, and Asa Gray alone in America. With addresses and scientific papers innumerable, Huxley bombarded the pha-

lanx of opposition, and did more than any other single influence, except only that of Darwin himself, to change the mind of the scientific world. The church, of course, remained unconvinced; but it was effectually silenced by Huxley's terrific assaults, of which the reply to Bishop Wilberforce and the controversies with Mr. Gladstone are the most famous examples. Secondly, Huxley went to the people, and gave them instruction as to the facts of natural science. His six Lectures to Workingmen "on our knowledge of the causes of the phenomena of organic nature" are models of popular exposition. Huxley never despised the common people; he knew that they must understand and believe, if Evolution was to become a part of the accepted knowledge of the world. In this work, he became one of the greatest teachers of all time, and did more than any other man to carry over the new science into the public mind and lodge it there forever. Thirdly, as a scientist in his own right, Huxley did the original and creative work of applying the evolution formula to *man,* and thus proving that the human had sprung from the animal and was a part of nature. Eight years before Darwin published his "Descent of Man," Huxley published his "Man's Place in Nature," and thus fulfilled Darwin's original surmise that "light will be thrown on the origin of man, and his history." We sometimes wonder what would have happened to Darwin's work if Huxley had not lived. This work would have won its way, as truth is mighty and must prevail; but we are persuaded that the triumph of Evolution would have been much slower and might not have been complete down even to this day had it not been for Huxley's work as Darwin's disciple. Darwin himself was no fighter; his field of operation was the laboratory and the study, not the arena of public discussion. But Huxley was a fighter to his finger-tips—the doughtiest warrior that ever did battle in the cause of truth. It was his aggression, as intelligent as it was militant, that carried Evolution to victory in less than two decades.

The rapidity and extent of Evolution's triumph tend to be forgotten or at least obscured in these days of sudden reaction. As early as 1876, John Fiske stated in his "Cosmic Philosophy" that

> Evolution is a permanent acquisition of knowledge. Whatever else the philosophy of future generations may be, it must be some kind of a philosophy of Evolution.

In 1880, when English scholars celebrated "the coming of age" of Darwin's great book, Thomas Huxley declared that

> Evolution is no longer a speculation but a statement of historical fact. It takes its place alongside of those accepted truths which must be reckoned with by philosophers of all schools.

Today, a hundred years after Huxley's birth, and thirty since his death, we see a great popular revolt against Evolution. Science stands absolutely unanimous in its acceptance of the Evolution doctrine. No scientist of any repute anywhere doubts or disputes its reality. Says Professor Vernon L. Kellogg, one of the ablest of living biologists, "Evolution is regarded to be as proved a part of biology as gravitation is in the science of physics." Yet the churches are banning its evolutionists as heretics, state legislatures are forbidding the teaching of Evolution in schools and colleges, and the public generally is in sad confusion if not in a position of utter repudiation of the doctrine. The situation is incredible, but not inexplicable. What we have here, on the one hand, is a demonstration that the church is as faithless to the truth as ever. Its Fundamentalists are ignorant and superstitious, its Modernists indifferent and cowardly. Huxley's contempt for theologians is richly justified! On the other hand is the delinquency of science itself—the failure of the scientists to keep the public mind informed. If the present generation knows not Darwin, as a certain Pharaoh knew not Joseph, it is because the scientists have deserted the public platform and hidden themselves away in their laboratories. What biologist today, for example, is giving lectures to workingmen on organic nature? The common people are again in need of instruction. Would that Huxley were alive to repeat his mighty work!

We find no recent event in international affairs quite so important as Ambassador Houghton's address in London, serving notice on European nations that they must give up their silly fears and hostilities and get down to the serious business of peace and order, if they want the continued sympathy of the American people. Our League of Nations advocates are furious over this utterance, for how can Mr. Houghton talk so about nations that are all living so blissfully together in the "happy family" at Geneva? The idea of suggesting that everything is not perfectly lovely in Europe, with the League of Nations flourishing in Switzerland and the World Court in Holland! But the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James is not concerning himself with moonshine of this description. The European situation is too serious to be trifled with. Mr. Houghton is dealing with realities, and realities in the present-day world do not include the League and the World Court. Comparable with the confusion of the pro-Leaguers is the confusion of the European states. To whom is the Ambassador talking? France says Germany; Germany says France. Both nations evidently have guilty consciences. As a matter of fact Mr. Houghton is talking to and about *all* the European states. He is looking at a Europe unchanged, unchastened, unrepentant—a Europe engaged after the War as before the War in the same old business of secret diplomacy, alliances, balances of power, armies, navies, and militarism generally. It is this sort of thing, says the Ambassador, that has got to stop. If not, America must of course withdraw, for she can do no good wast-

ing money and sympathy on such a situation, nor should she be expected to do so. If Ambassador Houghton had been speaking simply for himself, his address would have been important, as he is a man of first-rate ability and well-versed in European affairs. But it is doubly important as an official utterance—a statement, in other words, of the foreign policy of the Coolidge administration. Set down one more good stroke to the credit of the administration!

The annual Report of the American Civil Liberties Union for the year 1924 is an impressive and highly encouraging document. The American people have been traveling a long and hard road out of the abyss of tyranny and oppression into which they were cast by the War and its aftermath, but they seem at last to be climbing up on to the highlands of liberty. "Normalcy" has not yet been recovered by any means! Thus in 1924 there were 233 prosecutions by state and local authorities involving issues of free speech or free assembly; 41 cases of mob violence; 28 meetings interfered with or broken up, and 16 lynchings, all in the South (except one in Illinois) and all of negros. But in 1923 there were 340 prosecutions and in 1922, 846; in 1923 there were 80 cases of mob violence and in 1922, 225; in 1923 there were 58 meetings interfered with, and 28 lynchings. All this means progress, with the restoration of our traditional liberties here in America at least in sight. The Union finds three factors as explaining this great improvement in conditions—the

> growing tendency to control public opinion through propaganda, the absence of any serious industrial conflict, and the increased freedom of opinion usual in a presidential campaign year.

These reasons are well calculated to dampen any undue ardor of enthusiasm over what is happening, but the facts remain to cheer us all the same. Further encouragement is seen in the statement that

> the prospect for a continuation of the more favorable conditions during 1925 looks good. It depends largely upon industrial and economic conditions. The fear of radicalism has very largely abated as a result of the sweeping conservative victory in the campaign and there will therefore be less interference with their propaganda.

The best word in the Report, however, is the announcement of the successful cleaning out from the Department of Justice of the vermin which infected it during the Palmer and Daugherty regimes. Raids have ended, the spy system has been wiped out, and the files of the Department have been closed to professional patriotic organizations. The work of rehabilitation, says the Report, "has apparently been complete." Credit for this achievement of course, belongs to Attorney-General Stone, who now sits upon the Supreme Court. Items on the debit side of the ledger include Ku Klux Klan activities, a few bad court decisions, and the sad supremacy of California in the un-American business of persecution.

Of the many papers and journals which come to our desk from India, we must make special mention of *Current Thought,* a monthly magazine started last October by the famous Indian publisher, S. Ganesan, of Madras. This magazine is well printed and edited, and it presents valuable articles by such men as C. F. Andrews, Rabindranath Tagore, Prof. Bose, and others. There are also important book reviews and symposiums. Successive numbers of the paper reveal a sincere endeavor to interpret the best thought of India, and also to keep open the channels of thought between East and West. It is natural, in view of Ganesan's important position as the publisher of Gandhi's "Young India" and other books, that this paper should be strongly under the influence of the Mahatma. Indeed, the most interesting and important feature of the issues of *Current Thought* thus far published, has been, to us at least, a series of articles by Mahatma Gandhi on "The History of Satyagraha." This is an account of the great non-co-operation movement led by Gandhi in South Africa in the first period of his career. It thus constitutes an important chapter of autobiography, and a history of the first great experiment in non-violent revolution. We count it a document of priceless value. Persons interested in India and more especially in Gandhi and his work, cannot do a better thing than to subscribe for this paper.

Science or Superstition?

(In Memoriam: Thomas Huxley)

Without a doubt applied science is the mightiest factor in the present life of the world. There is hardly a department of life or thought that modern science has not illuminated and revolutionized. In medicine, in chemistry, in industry, in commerce, in agriculture and in animal husbandry science has done truly marvellous things. While in its understanding and conquest of nature and nature's laws and in the turning to human uses of the material resources of the world the achievements of science are more miraculous than the most astounding marvels of ancient fable and legend.

Fools may talk of banishing science from the teachings of our schools, but to banish science from the present life of the world would mean the utter destruction of its present life. There is not a stitch of the clothing upon our backs, nor a crumb of bread at our daily tables into which science does not enter. There is not a journey a person can make by railway, or steamship, or automobile, or aeroplane in which he does not have science for his travelling companion. Science

is at our cradle in birth and at our bedside in death. It was not always so. Indeed, it has been so only a comparatively little while and this perhaps is the main reason for the curious fact that in the religio-intellectual crises of the time the essential issue invariably narrows down to a contest between scientific rationality and superstition.

The old age that predates the scientific period is obviously an age to which the world can never return, nor is it likely that it would if it could. Nevertheless so much of the influence of the older and pre-scientific age still lingers, that even in the presence of the scientific marvels and justifications of today it is true to say that almost all the major intellectual and moral problems of the world turn upon this choice between science and superstition.

For the last century or two, and particularly during the last fifty to a hundred years, human life in this world has proceeded on the basis of a half-discerned compromise as between science and superstition. That is to say, in some of our ways of living and thinking we have grown steadily more rational and scientific with the years. Only a comparatively few people, however, have become fully rational and scientific in their ways of living and thinking, and for all their curious shapes the older superstitions still exert tremendous influence for multitudes of human beings. Strangely enough, this is more particularly true in regard to such profound concerns of human life as morals, religion, and social ethics. In a majority of the things that make for human economic advancement, saving the factor of human relationships in the economic problem, and in most of the more important physical concerns of life we have become thoroughly scientific. But in the vaster concerns of human psychological life and well-being we are still deep in bondage to the crudest and most unintelligent superstition. Old dogmas, mirroring the world's darkest ignorance govern the religious thinking of a great majority of the world's people. Old hates and prejudices reflecting the crudest barbarisms of early times dominate the human relationships that determine the world's happiness or misery.

It is, indeed, a curious situation, and yet not perhaps a surprising one. For the fact, of course, is that the science of the world is a very new thing, while the superstitions of the world are very old things. Not only so, but in what, at least until quite recent times, has been one of the major interests of the intellectual activity of men—the making of gods and the fashioning of metaphysical concepts—science has suffered the more in that the power and influence of the organized religions of the world have been aggressively on the side of superstition. Great religions like Christianity and Mohammedanism, as officially espoused and imposed upon the world, have been tremendous impediments to the growth of an exact knowledge, and fearful obstacles to a rational harmonizing of human relationships.

Modern science began its work as a suspect, and in its remoter origins was the target for more than suspicion. All through its history science has had to literally fight its way against the bitterest hostility and the cruelest opposition, and at no hands has it suffered so much as at the hands of organized religions. That men of science should have been loyal to the scientific urge and to the honest search for truth against such odds as have beset every step of the path of advancing knowledge is a marvel of human heroism, fortitude and courage. One may talk of the martyrs of faith, but the martyrs of science are a peerage of at least equal rank, and their devotions and sacrifices reach to the depths of all that is most sanctified and noble in human experience.

The weight of centuries upon centuries of ignorance and fear is on the side of superstition—has been constantly upon its side as science, single-handed and single-minded, has sought to serve the needs of a new and truer knowledge.

No handicap under which mankind at large has laboured has been more serious than that of working on the basis of an altogether inadequate and inexact knowledge. Whole populations have, time and again, been wiped out of existence for no other reason than because a knowledge of how to combat pestilence and disease was lacking. Mighty empires, resplendent in the sun, have fallen and perished for want of the knowledge that right alone is might. War, from the earliest days, has stained the earth crimson and cast its dark and fearsome shadow over every human hope, for want of a science of human relations. In every land and time men have bitterly, cruelly and persistently persecuted their fellows in the interest of superstitions that have had only ignorance for their foundation and only fear for their strength and courage. The world has lacked knowledge. It lacks it yet, and no fact in human history is plainer, and none more important for us now to recognize, than that fear and superstition have been the great impediments to knowledge and the great obstacles to a pursuit of truth.

To some of us nothing is now plainer than this—that the future of the world's life and the success and well-being of mankind in it depends absolutely upon our courageous and complete repudiation of superstition in all its forms and guises, and in the unfaltering and undaunted pursuit of knowledge and truth in all things that have to do with our lives.

Until within the last few centuries, and in part to this very day, the world's life, in so far as it has been subject of human direction, has been conducted on the basis of theories and doctrines, and on theories and doctrines unfounded in any groundwork of exact knowledge and unsupported by any classified system of the facts and data of human experience.

In that mankind has often chosen darkness rather than light and preferred ignorance to understanding, humanity is thus far culpable for its own confusion. But we men of earth have been timid creatures, fearful even of our own shadows and still more fearful of those elemental forces we have so little understood and even yet so indifferently comprehend. In that until recently men have lacked the means of knowledge and the instruments of scientific observation and rational deduction they are to be pitied more than blamed.

Only now, with the means of knowledge and with the heroes of its search as our inspiring examples, comes the test that shall determine human greatness or prove it a fabled legend, the test of the choice between the deliberate, resolute pursuit of truth and reality and fearful and fatal willingness of reliance upon the old ignorance of superstition and the old tyranny of fear.

There is now no threshold of knowledge at which we must pause and no monstrous, or bewitching shape of superstition before which we must quake or linger if manhood is to be vindicated upon earth and humanity's own kingdom established and made glorious. We must dare the lightning and the thunder-bolt and the crash and fire of earthquake, we must dare even the ultimate power or powers of such a vast and appalling universe as this is if we are to establish our lives in the knowledge that alone can be our confidence. We must trade, or there is no hope for us, the old gods of superstition and credulity for new gods of knowledge and truth.

Superstition gave us a fabled history of our world, and of its place in the universe and of our own place on this planet. Superstition gave us a fabled history of our own origin and destiny. Superstition gave us a flat earth with a paltry little heaven above our heads and a paltry little hell beneath our feet.

Only knowledge, scientifically derived, can give us the true story of our lives and the world.

Superstition has always said, "Believe, or be damned!"; science says, "The way of knowledge is hard, but it broadens evermore into a path of shining light."

And already science is pointing us to a dynamic world—a shining star in a universe of suns—a world of life of which the wonders wrought in long ago are but the pledge and promise of greater wonders on before; a world of life in which man stands the product of a timeless process and the chief agent in the development of mankind. EDMUND H. REEMAN.

Thomas Henry Huxley

Prologue

On a morning early in August, 1492, there sailed forth from the Spanish port of Palos three small vessels with ninety sailors aboard and one great and fearless navigator known to the world in later times as Christopher Columbus. These little ships and their brave captain were bound, though they knew it not, for South American waters. Further, they were bound for a new world. With their departure a curtain came down on an act or chapter in the history of mankind; and when, after an intermission of seven months, that curtain rose again the area of the earth had more than doubled and men's minds were face to face with the necessity for a complete revision of ideas and ideals. Europe shrunk, church and state contracted, dreamers awoke to undreamed opportunities—once more there was a frontier, a place to fly to. Another of those great migrations of peoples began. The effects of that migration are modern history.

A matter of three hundred and thirty-nine years later another little expedition sailed for the South Atlantic, this time from an English harbour and but one little ship: the "Beagle," so-called, a vessel in the service of His Majesty King William IV. On board there happened to be a young scientist, Charles Darwin by name, a grandson of the famous Dr. Erasmus Darwin, physician, poet and forerunner of Lamarck. This lad—for he was only that, being but twenty-two—had studied at Edinburgh University and taken his B. A. at Cambridge; he was off now to complete his education, to test in southern seas an idea that had come to him as he read the "Essay on Population" published in 1798 by that great and lovable genius, Thomas Robert Malthus, not yet in our own day fully known and understood. This idea—the principle of Evolution—*was* effectively tested as the "Beagle" moved from point to point during the following five years, and a grand adventure it was, in truth. Writing from Botofogo Bay, near Rio de Janeiro, in May, 1832, the youthful scientist declared:

> My mind has been, since leaving England, in a perfect hurricane of delight and astonishment, and to this hour scarcely a minute has passed in idleness . . . My collections go on admirably in almost every branch . . . I enjoy a delight which none but those who have experienced it can understand.

While he wrote and while he travelled and collected another curtain in the history of human thought and endeavor was falling, slowly, slowly, like a proper scientific curtain. When it rose again in the autumn of 1859 a book was disclosed, a book which shook down a host of ancient ruins, destroyed barriers, discovered wonderful new truths, a book that had the effect of dynamite: "The Origin of Species." Twenty-seven years had passed, years of quiet toil, of tireless searching, of steady progress toward the exposition of a central fact. While the author modestly labored on in his peaceful retreat at Down, in Kent, the menageries of state, church and the ancient "science" howled and shrieked protest and derision, insult and calumny, hatred and loathing. . .

Meanwhile, in 1846, a third expedition had sailed for southern waters; like the second it proceeded from an English port, the town of Plymouth, but it consisted of three ships, the largest and chief of which was "The Rattlesnake," commanded by Captain Owen Stanley in the name of the young Queen Victoria. The

assistant surgeon on board was a youthful physician, Thomas Henry Huxley. He had studied medicine at Charing Cross Hospital, and in 1845 had taken his degree of M. B. and a medal at the University of London. Like Darwin thirteen years earlier, he was off on a voyage of discovery. The nominal task of "The Rattlesnake" company was to survey the region of the Great Barrier Reef, east and north of Australia. Huxley's personal task was to survey the universe. Returning home in 1850, he had just nine busy and difficult years to think and work over his material before the great battle of the century opened, and he hurried to the front. There he found all the pigmies and a few of the giants of the period struggling to pull down the curtain Darwin had raised. Other men joined him, but it is chiefly to Huxley that we owe our gratitude that the curtain stayed up. . .

Three voyages, three "captains"—three seekers of the truth.

What manner of man was this third "captain," Thomas Henry Huxley?

In the first place, he was what we call a "self-made" man. He was self-taught, and no modern biography is a more fascinating story of personal development than his.

He was the seventh child born to his parents. His father, George Huxley, was an assistant master in a school at Ealing when Thomas Henry arrived; later he was manager of a small savings bank at Coventry. There was "little to earn and many to keep" in the Huxley household. Upon Thomas Henry's horizon the towers of Oxford or those of Cambridge did not loom. The best that could be done for him was a few months at the school in which the father taught.

The boy did not enjoy the experience. In later life he wrote:

> I deliberately affirm that the society I fell into at school was the worst I have ever known.

Nor was there anything strange in his hatred of school. Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, De Quincey—all sensitive boys as they were to be glorious men—shared that hatred; and no better argument for the yet unaccomplished reform of educational institutions and processes can be advanced than that these and a thousand other judges have condemned them.

Removed then from the worst society he ever knew, Huxley proceeded to educate himself. He read every book available—history, philosophy, poetry, novels, and everything he could find on mechanics, engineering and geology.

His own ambition as a lad was to be a mechanical engineer. From his earliest years he had been profoundly interested in every element and branch of that science.

But it happened that two of his sisters had married physicians, and since each of these gentlemen was willing to give the boy instruction, in return for such service as he could perform for them, his parents decided that medicine should be his profession.

So at 12 or 13 Huxley became an apprentice to Dr. Salt and was initiated into the mysteries of pill-pounding and prescription-filling. Another boy might have emerged from this sort of training a druggist. But Huxley's genius was not to be inhibited. Anatomy beckoned him, and he eagerly accepted an invitation to attend a post mortem examination. He little imagined that this experience would be a severe shock to his sensitive nervous system, but so it was; and, having been poisoned as he thought in some mysterious way, he fell ill immediately afterward, and had to give up his apprenticeship and go away to Warwickshire to rest and recuperate.

From that period—his 14th year—until his death he was never a well man; from time to time he suffered greatly, his work was hampered, rendered more difficult. His ailment was, according to his own diagnosis, a form of dyspepsia; but Dr. Gould, in his "Biographic Clinics," insists that it really was a case of eye trouble, astigmatism, that might have been cured easily, had it been understood.

Whatever the cause, Huxley was almost continually ill from 1839 until the end. His strength of will, this fact considered, was absolutely phenomenal.

But to return to his boyhood and his struggle for an "education." In 1842, with his elder brother, James, he secured entrance to Charing Cross Hospital Medical School, where he studied under Wharton Jones and distinguished himself for original research. In 1845, his first scientific paper appeared in the *Medical Gazette*. He later referred to this effort as "a very little paper," but it was really very important, indeed, and foreshadowed his larger achievements.

While "walking" the hospital, he studied French and German, "and came to have a knowledge of the ideas of those outside his own race on all the great problems that interest mankind."

Nor did he employ his linguistic attainments upon the narrower phases of his specialty. At the close of his career, he spoke of himself as a biologist, but that was but a modest under-estimation of his interests and achievements.

Huxley had a universal mind, and welcomed information of every kind. He might have excelled in any one of a dozen relatively distant fields.

Competent critics praise his prose style unreservedly. H. L. Mencken calls him: "perhaps the greatest virtuoso of plain English who has ever lived." But Dr. Osborn testifies that:

> His wondrous style did not come easily to him; he himself told me it cost him years of effort.

The reading from which he derived his love of perfect prose and his desire to write uncommonly well—for it was a conscious wish—was done in his youth; it was part of his course in self-education.

But he was not satisfied to have the power to write well without the power to think correctly, and since nearly everything in Huxley's life may be traced to deliberate effort—little to chance or inherited "gifts"—we may well believe that he read at this and during later periods not only to extend his knowledge of men, philosophies and events but also, consciously, to develop the ability to use his mind creatively.

It is not too much to say that had not Darwin and Wallace formulated the philosophy of Evolution, Huxley might have done the work on his own account.

Indeed he did contribute more than one original addition to the theory as it came to him. He was not merely an interpreter of Darwin, as some have thought him; he was, in fact, much more than that. By the year 1859 he had established an independent reputation as a man of science, was already known as a first-rate scientific thinker. So true was this that when Darwin sent "The Origin of Species" to press he said he would be satisfied if its publication convinced three men—Lyell, Hooker and Huxley.

Darwin's life was a fortunate one in many respects. But in nothing was fate more kind to him than when she gave him the co-operation of Huxley.

But to return to the Charing Cross Hospital period. While "walking" there, he had been working for a degree at the University of London, and in 1845 he was successful not only in winning the necessary M. B. but a medal also. He was then ready for a new and more comprehensive move. Some friends recommended him for a place in the Royal Navy Medical service, and he was booked at last, March 13, 1846, on the lists of Nelson's old ship, the "Victory," and assigned to Haslar Hospital. There he spent seven months, while the "Rattlesnake" expedition was preparing to sail.

Of course Huxley was anxious to go. But for many long and difficult days the matter "hung fire," and only the influence of friends who guessed—or knew—his ability secured him his place as assistant surgeon. The credit for sending Huxley to Australian waters is due less to the sailor-politicians of the Navy than to his own instructors and co-workers at Charing Cross.

However, the important thing is that he was accepted, and the "Rattlesnake," attended by two small vessels of light draught, departed from Plymouth, December 12, 1846.

The route was, roughly: Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, the Cape, Mauritius, Sydney (July 15, 1847), Port Curtis, Cape Upstart, Sydney again (March, 1848), Cape York, Rockingham Bay, Port Essington, Timor Sea, Indian Ocean, Sydney once more (January, 1849), Louisiade Archipelago, south east coast of New Guinea, Sydney for the last time (March 1850), Cape Horn, Falkland Islands, the Azores, and back to England, "paying off" at Chatham, November 9, 1850.

Captain Stanley had died at Sydney.

We come now to one of the most interesting and beautiful chapters in Huxley's life. In Sydney he had met Miss Henrietta A. Heathorn, a beautiful and talented young woman just his own age. He was responsive, too, and sympathetic; it was not long until they understood each other thoroughly. They might have returned to England husband and wife, but Huxley was practically penniless. From the moment of their first meeting until that of their marriage eight years passed—dragged their slow length, as the poet would say.

And they were both poets as well as lovers, so that they suffered as only poetic minds can suffer. Poverty —in a word—robbed them of eight years of life together.

Once married their love, so long denied its full expression, grew with the passing of each season; and not many times in history have there been couples so well-mated, so suited one to the other, so thoroughly agreed, so intimately identified in their work. Huxley never sent a page to the printer, we are told, until she had read and approved it. Through all the years of battle, through sorrow and loss, trial and tumult, to victory and happiness they went together hand in hand.

To the still ocean, out beyond time's flow.

And their children inherited their talents, their genius, and the elements of their love. They founded a dynasty of philosophic artists, of which Leonard Huxley represents one generation and Aldous and Julian Huxley another.

The period beginning with Huxley's return to England (1850), and closing with his appointment to the faculty of the School of Mines (1855) was, in many respects, the most difficult of his life. Not only was he separated by thousands of miles of cheerless ocean from the girl he loved and who loved him, but as month followed month he seemed to make but little progress in the business of winning his place in the world of science to the service of which he had dedicated himself. Competent judges admitted the merits of his claims; his paper on the Medusae had been read and praised—but nothing tangible was done for him. He vainly endeavored to persuade the Navy authorities to arrange for the publication of his reports on the explorations of the "Rattlesnake" expedition. He lacked funds for the purchase of books, instruments and materials needed for his work. He was driven to the invention of all manner of makeshifts. His health was, as we have shown, far from good. It was a period of struggle and disappointment.

But it was not a period of idleness. Huxley labored bravely on, studying, writing, lecturing, preparing for the day when he would have his supreme opportunity.

Gradually England became aware of his existence. Darwin, as we have said, ranked him with Hooker and Lyell in 1859.

Huxley was 34 when the "Origin of Species" was published. He lived 36 years longer. From 1860 until 1882 he was Darwin's most competent assistant and co-worker. After Darwin's death he stood alone, far in advance of his contemporaries, the leader of his school, *the* Evolutionist.

We have no space for a recitation of the details of the long battle. The point is that Darwin formulated the theory from his own and others' researches, and Huxley made it a living force in the mind of the people.

Born of the people, bred among them, familiar with their psychology, Huxley took Evolution to them as long ago Jesus took the doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

He cared little for the opinions of the so-called upper classes. He knew that Evolution was, potentially, a weapon for the poor in their battle of economic justice. He knew that Evolution would destroy the old theology and the old theories of government and the state. The divine right of kings, the superstitions broadcasted by the church—in a word the old psychology was doomed. Huxley saw to it that the doom was effectively promulgated.

Bishop Wilberforce endeavored to stay the tide. He was the laughing-stock of England when Huxley finished with him.

Gladstone rose up in Wilberforce's place. "The net result," says an observer, "was that the Grand Old Man was divested of his grand old hide."

In the press, the lecture hall, the schoolroom, the laboratory, in workingmen's lyceums, by private correspondence and by the contagion of his own magnificent personality Huxley won his victories. For nearly thirty years his influence lingered. Only in our day when a new generation has arisen is it necessary to repeat that Evolution is a fact.

His philosophy was expressed in the phrase: "Know what is true in order to do what is right."

His agnosticism, was "merely the honest adherence to evidence." Of course, orthodoxy could produce no evidence. Hence the hatred of the church for the Evolutionists.

H. L. Mencken says:

The great majority of Christian ecclesiastics in both English-speaking countries, and with them the great majority of their

catechumens, are still committed to the doctrine that Darwin was a scoundrel, and Herbert Spencer another, and Huxley a third.

Who can doubt that this is so? And who can wonder? The miracle would be if it were otherwise.

But it did not matter while yet he lived that the church hated him as an "infidel." England loved him. The young men and women of all classes "adored" him. Even Queen Victoria "respected" him.

Elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1851, he became its president in 1883. Aberdeen University made him Lord Rector, 1872, and just twenty years later he was "raised" to the Privy Council and given the opportunity to refuse a title.

Perhaps the most gratifying of his triumphs was that of his visit to the United States in 1876. He lectured at Yale and gave the principal address at the formal opening of Johns Hopkins. He also spoke at Nashville and before the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Buffalo. Finally he delivered three addresses in New York.

The New York *Tribune* for September 23, 1876, said of him:

In person Prof. Huxley is rather above the medium height; of large frame, but spare. He stoops slightly, as if habitually engaged in thought. His features are prominent and bear an expression of energy in repose. His hair and whiskers are iron gray. He speaks without manuscript or notes of any kind, and never prepares the phraseology of his addresses in advance of their delivery. His manner of speaking is quite simple and straightforward, with none of the gestures or arts of oratory. His delivery is slow and distinct, being the result of a hard and successful effort in the early part of his career to break off a previous habit of rapid speaking.

The final years were spent in teaching, writing, traveling, seeking health. The end came on June 29, 1895.

When Darwin was dying he wrote Huxley:

I wish to God there were more . . . in the world like you.

We might well say: Amen to that prayer! Each generation needs a Huxley. And that is Huxley's immortality.

He had intellect to comprehend his highest duty distinctly, and force of character to do it; which of us dare ask for a higher summary of his life than that?

New York City. JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

Huxley, Defender of the Faith

Reading over again a number of essays of Huxley written half a century ago, I was impressed with their intellectual modernness. They are the words of a man of our day, one no more affected by our social and intellectual shams than Huxley was with those of the finical and conventional days of "Mid Victoria." To the real scholar, in Huxley's phrase,

The very air we breathe should be charged with that fanaticism for truth, that fanaticism for veracity which is a greater possession than much learning, . . . greater as the moral nature of man is greater than the intellectual, for veracity is the heart of morality.

In a high sense however, many may claim Huxley as a "mid-Victorian" product, an example of intellectual force arising in an atmosphere of complacent indifference and priggish hostility, obstacles which if surmounted strengthen mind and heart. For in that period, English culture made scant provision for science. An apt Latin quotation closing a meaningless debate counted for more than exact knowledge of things as they were, and theological or literary trivialities occupied a larger place in the schools, large or small, than appeals to original sources either in history or in nature.

The need to breast the current gave to England in Victorian times the strongest and most virile group of scientific thinkers in all her history. In physical science, Davy, Faraday, Tyndall, Maxwell, Thompson (Lord Kelvin), and his namesake Thompson of Cambridge. In biology and Geology, Darwin, Lyell, Huxley, Hooker, Wallace, Geikie, Gunther, Michael Foster, Francis Balfour, and other giants of those days.

One feature of "Mid-Victorian" science was unwearying patience. The men that fought their way upward were in no hurry to get ahead of Truth. They realized that Truth must be *found out*, not *thought out*, and the "running high jump," popular in our day was not counted among their instruments of precision. The love of Truth was incentive enough for their best work. In the words of John Cassin, they "regarded science not as a milk cow, but as a transcendent goddess."

Unlike some of their successors of the Georgian era, who yearn for quick returns, such men were unwilling to proclaim a generalization, until the facts on which it rested were so abundant and compelling that any one could develop it. This was especially so with the "Darwinism" on which Darwin spent thirty years, gathering every available fact, by which he converted the ancient and vague philosophical concept of evolution into a living reality. For the details of the method of evolution have more vital importance than the theory itself. With the data in hand, any one might frame the theory. Huxley, himself a patient and industrious worker, with a rare gift of forceful speech and writing, led in the work of making known the results of research, without consideration of popular acclaim.

We may note this paradox, that with more than ten times as many scientific men as England, Germany has had in the last fifty years a much smaller number in the first rank. The apparent reason lies with the special call of "applied science" which made German institutions in some degree a "hot bed" for chemists, while in England, devotion to science was a vow of poverty and all stimulus to success came from within the student himself.

In his early life, Huxley struggled against manifold discouragements, the chief being inability to secure instruments of precision and the necessity in teaching to work through lectures instead of realities, thus giving "information instead of contact," which alone brings realization of Truth.

In the physical sciences, he shows that once

it was discovered that some results of speculative thought . . . can be verified by observation and are always true, no matter how severely they may be tested. Here at any rate was knowledge to the certainty of which no authority could add or take away one jot or tittle and to which the tradition of a thousand years was as insignificant as the hearsay of yesterday.

To the doctrine of Evolution as set forth by Darwin, Huxley was an early though at first unwilling convert. But through his wide knowledge of life and its ways, he soon became its most powerful champion. "Darwin's bulldog," he called himself. Darwin never indulged in controversy: it was enough that "truth was in the field" and would be quite able to take care of itself. But Hux-

ley, with his gift of exposition, pushed it along, and received the blows aimed at those who uproot tradition. It was clear to Huxley that all creatures and all objects on the earth were subject to change from day to day and from year to year, and that all change was methodical, each detail sharing behind it some efficient cause. Therefore "Evolution" meant "Orderly Change," the word being in a broad sense synonymous with Nature, as Vernon Kellogg has lately pointed out.

In Nature, according to Huxley: "Nothing endures save the flow of energy and the rational intelligence that pervades it." This firm belief in the "Rational Intelligence"—not to be defined or circumscribed, still less to be identified as a tribal god busy with plans for revenge and schemes of salvation, put Huxley in the front rank of "Defenders of the Faith." He repudiated the charge of holding fatalistic, materialistic or atheistic philosophy.

"Not among fatalists," he says, "for I take the conception of necessity to have a logical, not a physical foundation, not among materialists, for I am utterly incapable of conceiving the existence of matter if there is no mind to feature that existence; not among atheists for the problem of the ultimate cause of existence is one which seems to me to be hopelessly out of reach of my poor powers. Of all the senseless babble I have ever had occasion to read, the demonstrations of these philosophers who undertake to tell us all about the nature of God would be the worst, if they were not surpassed by the still greater absurdities of the philosophers who try to prove that there is no God."

Huxley's address as Rector of the University of Aberdeen strikes us like a breath of fresh air in an atmosphere of pedagogic platitudes and pomp, with its relatively trivial requirements, examinations, degrees and honors. He goes straight to the heart of education, the purpose of which is to lead young men and women to do their own thinking and to seek and weigh their own evidence in forming their life convictions.

In another connection, Huxley says:

This distinctive character of our own times lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge, . . . Not only does the prosperity of millions of men depend upon it, but our whole theory of life has long been influenced consciously or unconsciously by the general conceptions of the universe which have been forced upon us by physical science.

This has become increasingly true in our own times. And this fact demands that men of science should rise to the noblest, not the lowest possibilities of their own vocation. A large factor in the horrors of the world war has been due to the prostitution of the Science of Chemistry to the wicked demands of a perverted nationalism.

Huxley was pre-eminently a champion of the highest freedom. Not merely or primarily of freedom of expression or even of knowledge, but freedom from tyranny within, from tradition, from bigotry, from intolerance, that internal freedom which makes truth the central axis of the intellect. This is the freedom which leads men to engage in a life and death struggle with ignorance, prejudice, privilege or injustice. With hatred for all offense it permits withal the highest personal charity towards those through whom "Offense must come."

David Starr Jordan.

Huxley, the Man and Scientist

The name of Thomas Henry Huxley is one of the greatest in science. It would be impossible to do it justice within the limits of a short article, for his work in each of several departments of biological research suffices to make the name immortal. Morphology, anatomy, physiology, ethnology, as well as philosophical zoology are indebted to him for great advances in fact and in theory. Moreover, all science is indebted to him for his espousal of the Darwinian Theory of Evolution. His valiant defense of it saved it from being suppressed or indefinitely retarded through misrepresentation and prejudice.

Huxley was not only a great scientist, he was one of the world's greatest men. His qualities of mind and character place him as far above the ordinary individual as the latter ranges above the bushman. Possessed of a keenly analytical mind he was also capable of making sweeping generalizations, and so organized the material of biology with which he worked as to make its relationships intelligible to others even before Darwin's unifying theory appeared. His wit was keen and incisive, and his judgment clear and discriminating, so that he became a formidable enemy of the reactionary in science, politics and religion.

With all these mental gifts were combined a loyalty to principle, a steadfastness of purpose, and a love for humanity which places him in the front rank of the great moral leaders of all times. In his love for humanity, his sympathy for the lowly, his zeal for the commonweal, he stands almost alone among the world's great scientists. Others have helped the world forward through the results of patient work in laboratory or study; Huxley did this also, but he did infinitely more —he gave himself, his living, radiant personality to thousands of little children in the public schools through years of service on the London school-board; he brought inspiration and joy to hundreds of simple working-men who yearned for the light of truth amid the dark conditions of their heavy toil; and more than this, although eugenics was unheard of then, Huxley looked beyond his time into the future and realized how great would be the value to human worth and human happiness if the results of scientific work could be made generally available. He believed that science should be taught in the schools which are attended by the children of the common people; that the leaven which is capable of raising the quality of human nature should be implanted in the (economically) lower strata of society in order to be of the greatest benefit to all. And so he gave much time and thought to "working the public up to science," as he put it, anticipating the present movement in education by about seventy-five years.

Today, with the marvelous advances made by scientists in their laboratories, the dissemination of the results of their work among the people is one of the most important problems of the century, if indeed, it does not transcend in importance every other problem. For education will continue to fail of achieving worthwhile results until it recognizes the responsibility for progress laid upon it, and gives to science, and especially to biological science, the leading place in its curricula.

Ellen Torelle Nagler.

Tributes

[Special contributions to UNITY.]

Sir Francis Darwin:

As a young man I used to meet Huxley occasionally at my father's house at Down, and I was impressed like the rest of the world by the obvious strength and clarity of his mind.

You might look at my "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," vol. II, pp. 231, 232.

(The pages to which Sir Francis refers contain the first letter written to Charles Darwin by T. H. Huxley after reading "The Origin of Species," November 23, 1859; and Darwin's reply, November 25.)

Bertrand Russell:

I have the highest opinion of Thomas Henry Huxley, and am more in agreement with his outlook than most people of our generation. Not, of course, that Darwinian orthodoxy can any longer be maintained. But I disbelieve in all attempts to introduce teleology, vitalism, etc., into biology, as did Huxley. However, I am not a biologist, and cannot give a critical appreciation of his scientific work. His popularizing work seems to me admirable and still useful.

Israel Zangwill:

I am in the midst of rehearsing for England my comedy, "We Moderns". . . to that play, indeed, the contrast between the despised Victorian, Thomas Huxley, and his fashionable Georgian grandson, Aldous Huxley, might well serve as a pregnant illustration. To the cynical and clever grandson all is chaos, to the simple grandfather there was an absolute truth to be sought at all costs and sacrifices. Veracity was Huxley's supreme passion, and the triumph of the idea of Evolution was largely his work. For he had literary charm and the gift of popular presentation as well as a vast scientific patience. And he managed to combine Darwinism with the noblest ethics of the Old Testament prophets: indeed he was one of the first to give the Hebrew his due place in the evolution of Western morality. It looks as if that morality were not regressing: I fear the protagonists of Evolution imagined that everything moved forward automatically for the better—*vide* the end of Tennyson's "In Memoriam"—whereas there is always a possibility of at least temporary set-backs. For "the survival of the fittest" is a merely tautonomous phrase, the only definition of "fitness" being "survival." Ethics cannot escape a prophetic mysticism, and Huxley, the inexorable "Rationalist," did not know he was both a prophet and a mystic.

Eden Phillpotts

I congratulate UNITY upon honoring the noble life of Thomas Henry Huxley. Since Thomas Paine no man has stood with finer courage and greater heart for Truth. Today supernaturalists shout that he erred and love to belittle him; but, save for certain psychological conclusions still doubtful in the extreme, his work remains unshaken in the estimate of any rational mind.

Huxley's thought was as honest as his English style was pure, and generations to come will appreciate his immense significance in the history of science and rational thought. He stood for physics, the strong and clean, against metaphysics, the weak and polluted.

Clement Shorter:

My interest in Huxley is perhaps enhanced by the fact that for more than twenty years I lived a few doors away from the house in which Huxley had lived the previous twenty years. This was in Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood, London.

In my early years I was largely brought up on Huxley. He was the author of two little books which I constantly used—an elementary book of physiology and a small elementary primer of science. His principal works, now published in a uniform edition, were only known to me in their uncollected form in magazines.

Huxley was a great publicist, and people of my generation who were just becoming emancipated from theological chains adored him for his out-spokenness. He elucidated Darwin's achievement in a more telling manner than any other writer or speaker. My early memories of Huxley include more than one lecture by him. He was an admirable speaker as well as a most effective writer of prose. I was too young when he died to have known him personally. At a later date I met his widow, who wrote a very interesting volume of poems of which she gave me a copy.

One son, Mr. Leonard Huxley, has obtained considerable literary reputation which has been continued by a grandson, Mr. Aldous Huxley.

Pray understand that I do not expect you to make the slightest use of these trivial reflections, but I shall be very much interested in the centennial issue which you propose to produce.

Sir Charles Walston:

Huxley—I knew him personally and value him highly as a Man of Science, a Social Reformer and a remarkable writer of English prose.

Clarence Darrow:

I have been familiar with the writings of Thomas Henry Huxley for fifty years. He was one of the great prophets of his day. He had a thorough knowledge of science, combined with a remarkably clear, simple and lucid style. Without Huxley, the works of Darwin, Tyndall and Spencer would have made their way in the world very much more slowly. He was always ready to champion their cause in season and out. He never hedged or side-stepped on any question and was able to state their views in a much clearer way than they could put them themselves. He is one of a few voluminous writers whose books are all good. To state scientific truths in so simple a way that the common person can understand them is a very rare faculty and very few have had it to the extent of Huxley.

I wish we had some of his kind today.

Major Haldane MacFall, author, "History of Painting," etc.

Huxley meant much to me in the years that shape life—the teens and twenties. His rugged honest face colored our thinking forty years ago in a way difficult for the youngsters to understand today, who all reap without knowing it the grand intellect of the man. To Huxley the genius of Darwin owed its greatest debt, for not only did Huxley make Darwin known to the people, but he steadied the world at the vastness of so profound a revelation. And when, in his advancing

years, he uttered his famous Romanes lecture, the bigness and sincerity and humanity of the man shone out; in nothing more than in that courageous confession that he and Darwin were baffled by the fact that the Survival of the Fittest and the Struggle for Existence seemed to be difficult to reconcile with Man's higher ethics of brotherhood. He delivered this Romanes address at the very time that I happened to be making my researches into the basic significance of the Arts which I afterwards collected and published as "The Splendid Wayfaring"; and it has always been a regret to me that the diffidence of youth, or rather young manhood, kept me from writing to a man of such world-wide standing to tell him that I had, as far as I was concerned, discovered that there was no conflict between the Survival of the Fittest and the Struggle for Existence that his and Darwin's intellectual courage had not shrunk from putting before a conventional world, on the one hand, and Man's ethical hopes and goal on the other, for it had come to me that he and Darwin had led us to the new age but had stopped just exactly where, had they gone on, they would have discovered that so far from conflict there was absolute unison. For, had they gone right down to bedrock, as I had to do in searching for the basic creation of the Arts, they would have found, as I tried to show in "The Splendid Wayfaring," that Man, naked and defenceless, rose *by union, by brotherhood,* above the brutes, and that it was wholly due to this brotherhood that Man put the ruthlessness of the lion and the leopard, and the strength and cunning and reckless courage of the brutes under his heel—that it was this brotherhood of man that was of the very essence and grandeur of all Man's highest ethical thinking, and he and Darwin had not labored in vain when they handed the torch to us younger men who, though we might lack the high genius that had been granted to them, had been enabled to dig down into truth fearlessly and rid of cant and convention, to discover that all that was noblest in Man's thinking and aims and instincts was justified, and Man was journeying to the heights. Huxley, by his nobility of soul and love of truth, rid us of religiosity and made us believe in what is sublime in Man. The masterfolk in the world had grown up, whether professing a church or not, in the sublime teaching of the brotherhood of the Man of Sorrows; and the more Huxley made us shed the religiosities, the more clearly stood out the revelation of the supreme religion of the brotherhood of Man lest we perish. The Sermon on the Mount had triumphed. Huxley taught us that religiosity is not religion.

Will Hayes, minister, Hammond Hill Unitarian Church, Chatham, England.

Future generations will think of Huxley as one of the great prophets of the 19th century. He was essentially a man of faith. When seen in its true perspective, his devotion to the God of Truth will make the orthodox Christianity of his day seem like the blackest atheism. In another hundred years preachers will tell of the superstitious notions current in the first half of his century, and will then continue: "But God spoke through Huxley, and said—"

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins:

I am not qualified to speak of Huxley as a scientific man in the technical sense. But when I was a young man, he was a great influence, spreading the light of the love of truth—and a fine writer of good English.

I had the privilege—being a friend of his son's and daughter's—to meet him and Mrs. Huxley in their own home here in London, and retain a most pleasant memory of his kindness and graciousness to an unknown young man.

Alfred Ollivant, author, "Bob, Son of Battle," etc.

I think there can be no doubt that the greatest and most helpful idea given to suffering humanity, since the Prophet of Nazareth, in the first years of our era, gave to unbelieving man his conception of love, is the idea of Evolution. The two men mainly responsible for engrafting the new branch on the stem of our old philosophy are Darwin, who elaborated the theory in the study and the laboratory, and Thomas Huxley, who did the fighting on the platform and in the press. The greatness of the man is to be measured by the greatness of his idea. It may truly be said of him that he, first of men, opened the eyes of the public to the modern scientific conception of life which is so rapidly remoulding our world.

Irving Fisher:

Huxley's influence was two fold. He was one of the great founders of the science of biology and he was one of the great promoters of the scientific spirit in general.

As a biologist, he took the ideas of Darwin and Spencer, verified, expounded and extended them, thereby helping to convert the old descriptive study of "Natural History" into modern biology.

Some of his best work in evolution was inspired at Yale by the series of horse fossils collected by Professor Marsh.

As a high priest of science he set an example, unequalled by few besides Darwin and Pasteur for open-mindedness. When proven wrong he manfully confessed it instead of stubbornly clinging to his prior conclusion or concealing his change of mind. When he was sure he was right and found the prejudices of public opinion standing in the way of progress, he fought that prejudice with all his might and main. His righteous indignation often shamed religious prejudice into submission from the sheer force of the moral appeal to worship truth, to be willing humbly to sit down before a fact and accept its teachings, though the heavens seem to fall.

He was and is an inspiration to thousands of truth seekers, myself included, especially in the formative years.

Bishop Charles H. Brent:

I should like to do honor to Professor Huxley for I owe him a great debt for what I learned from his life and books.

Robert Morss Lovett:

Thomas Henry Huxley is the chief representative in literature of the scientific movement which may be dated roughly from the publication of "The Origin of Species" in 1859. Nineteenth century thought was largely concerned with the problem of the reconciliation of values, scientific, social, aesthetic, or, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, the satisfaction of the sense for knowledge, the sense for conduct, and the sense for beauty, and the relation of the three to each other. Huxley's writings are the expression of the sense for knowledge. He is the embodiment of the scientific conscience. It is unfortunate that he wrote so largely in the ephemeral forms of controversy; and for that

reason it is necessary to select from his pages those utterances in which, with real eloquence, he stated the absolute claims of the sense for knowledge, with which other claims must be reconciled. Among such passages I quote two which it is well for us to remember as touchstones of intellectual validity, somewhat as Arnold would have us keep in mind certain lines of great poetry as touchstones of the grand style. One is in regard to education, from "Improving Natural Knowledge":

> What are among the moral convictions held most strongly by barbarous and semi-barbarous people? They are the convictions that authority is the soundest basis of belief; that merit attaches to a readiness to believe; that the doubting disposition is a bad one, and scepticism a sin. . . . The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such. For him, scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin. And it cannot be otherwise, for every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, the annihilation of the spirit of blind faith.

The other is in regard to religion, from "Agnosticism and Christianity":

> We have not the slighest objection to believe anything you like, if you will give us good grounds for belief; but, if you cannot, we must respectfully refuse, even if that refusal should wreck morality and insure our own damnation several times over. We are quite content to leave that to the decision of the future. The course of the past has impressed us with the firm conviction that no good ever comes of falsehood, and we feel warranted in refusing even to experiment in that direction.

Hamilton Holt:

Thomas Henry Huxley was one of that immortal band of English statesman-like scientists who taught the world that truth is the supreme goal of civilization, and that it is the duty of mankind to follow the facts wherever they lie—theories from facts, not facts from theories. It is this philosophy that has done and will do more for human progress than any other philosophy.

W. E. Burghardt DuBois:

For the man who died in 1825 it was as difficult to think and speak freely of the relation of modern science to religion as it would be for a man facing death this year to talk of social equality with Negroes. As strong as religious organization is today, backed by wealth and custom, we find it hard to realize that a century ago no respectable Englishman could deny the Virgin birth, the verbal inspiration of the scriptures, the validity of New Testament miracles and the bodily raising of Christ from the dead without facing a storm of attacks from the powers of society which few men dared contemplate. Thomas Henry Huxley was one of the few; and he warred against dogma not by emotion or appeal, but by cold fact and logic. He reasoned with England and the world, and despite mad refusal to listen to reason, England had to listen.

We still listen today. We have not yet come to the time when reason triumphs simply because it is logic, but we are immeasurably nearer that day because Huxley lived and dared.

Ernest Thompson Seton:

There can be but one estimate of Huxley, however differently it may be phrased. I think he was a beacon light in darkness. He was a landmark in history. He was one of the world's great men.

Edward A. Ross:

What of Huxley is alive to me today is his contention in the early Nineties that our ethics must not take its cue from the animal struggle for survival. He broke the spell of the Darwinian picture upon the minds of social philosophers.

Louis F. Post:

All I can say is that I am disposed to honor the memory of any man, be he right or wrong, who really thinks he is right and has the courage to "speak out in meeting."

Van Wyck Brooks:

I have immense admiration for Huxley—both as man and writer—though I admire still more Matthew Arnold's divergence from his views in regard to the relative value of literature and science in education.

Roswell H. Johnson:

The outstanding influence on me from Huxley is the "scientific habit of mind" which he so well exemplified. Especially his teaching that we should be proportionately more critical, that is to say should demand more evidence, where a proposition is unusual and is not analogous to other proven propositions. May it not be that the rapid increase in the scientific habit dates from about his time and was largely contributed by him?

Chester C. Platt:

Huxley effected his most profound impress on the intellectual life of sixty years ago by his assaults on the idea that man is in a good world, when in fact Huxley said, the cosmical processes have no sort of relation to moral ends, but rather are enemies to the ethical nature of man.

This was commendable in that it tended to kill the last shreds of belief in special providences, and to throw on man himself all responsibilities for making a better world.

But belief in the essential goodness of the sum of things still survives. The spirit of man refuses to resign itself to ultimate annihilation, and takes courage from the fact that human personality with its moral sensitiveness, and its sympathy and love is itself a product of cosmic energy.

Huxley was essentially an investigator of the material side of things. But his was the broad mind that would readily acknowledge that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in his philosophy.

Mankind owes a great debt to Huxley. His was one of the keenest minds of modern times. The thought-provoking character of his writings has been invaluable to us.

Other Tributes

Sir Spencer Walpole:

Of all the men I have ever known, his ideas and his standards were—on the whole—the highest.

Sir E. Ray Lankester:

There has been no man or woman whom I have met on my journey through life whom I have loved and regarded as I have Thomas Henry Huxley. Ever since I was a little boy he has been my ideal and hero.

Paul Elmer More:

Huxley was the valiant and aggressive champion of Evolution and the Darwinian hypothesis against all comers . . . He was, so to speak, the Plato to the Socrates of the new philosophy, applying its premises to every department of life. His power in this field

was conditioned by his knowledge of science and of philosophy, but it depended also on his consummate skill in the use of language. To read his essays . . . is to feel—at least a literary man may be pardoned for so feeling—that here is one of the cunning artificers lost to letters, an essayist who . . . might have taken a place among the great masters of literature.

Henry Fairfield Osborn:

The lesson of Huxley's life and the result of my own experience is that productive thinking is the chief means as well as the chief end of education, and that the natural evolution of education will be to develop this kind of thinking earlier and earlier in the life of the student.

Greetings

The following sent greetings to the Huxley centennial number of UNITY:

Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Gilbert Murray, Dean Inge, Sir Andrew MacPhail, Margaret Deland, Vida D. Scudder, Arthur T. Hadley, Anson Phelps Stokes, Harry T. Collings, Thomas A. Edison, Joel E. Spingarn, Gorham B. Munson, Albert Jay Nock, Percy Mackaye, Herbert Quick, Chauncey M. Depew, Gamaliel Bradford, Theodore Debs, Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, Sir Harry H. Johnston, W. Macneile Dixon, G. Lowes Dickinson, Sidney Dark, Lady Mary Millais, W. N. Ewer, Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, Lord Parmoor, Sir Israel Gollancz, Dr. Otto Emery Jennings, Lord Astor, Lord Lansdowne, Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

Aphorisms from Thomas Henry Huxley

Selected by James Waldo Fawcett.

So far as I can arrive at any clear comprehension of the matter, Science is not, as many would seem to suppose, a modification of the black art, suited to the tastes of 19th century, and flourishing mainly in consequence of the decay of the inquisition.

Science is, I believe, nothing but trained and organized common sense.

The vast results obtained by Science are won by no mystical faculties, by no mental processes other than those which are practised by every one of us in the humblest and meanest affairs of life.

The man of science, in fact, simply uses with scrupulous exactness the methods which we all, habitually and at every moment, use carelessly.

Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and as new as to Adam.

For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them.

Those who take honors in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things, and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world.

Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The old protectionist theory is the doctrine of trades unions as applied by the squires, and the modern trades unionism is the doctrine of the squires applied by the artisans.

The only medicine for suffering, crime, and all the other woes of mankind, is wisdom.

A man may as well be purblind, as unable to read—lame, as unable to write. But I protest that, if I thought the alternative were a necessary one, I would rather that the children of the poor should grow up ignorant of both these mighty arts, than that they should remain ignorant of that knowledge to which these arts are means.

The limit range of our own faculties bounds us on every side—the field of our powers of observation is small enough, and he who endeavors to narrow the sphere of our inquiries is only pursuing a course that is likely to produce the greatest harm to his fellow men.

Wherever bibliolatry has prevailed, bigotry and cruelty have accompanied it. It lies at the root of the deep-seated, sometimes disguised, but never absent, antagonism of all varieties of ecclesiasticism to the freedom of thought and to the spirit of scientific investigation.

To those who look upon ignorance as one of the chief sources of evil, and hold veracity, not merely in act, but in thought, to be the one condition of true progress, whether moral or intellectual, it is clear that the biblical idol must go the way of all other idols.

Although I am not such a fanatic for the liberty of the subject as to plead that interfering with the way in which a man may choose to be killed is a violation of that liberty, yet I do think that it is far better to let everybody do as he likes.

I cannot but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of Nature; when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both. . .

The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority, as such. For him, scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin.

The birth of science was the death of superstition.

Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes that of Hercules.

Teach a man to read and write, and you have put into his hands the great keys of the wisdom-box.

The most archaic politics of which we have any record are either families, or federations of families.

The sole sanction of law being the will of the majority, which is a mere name for a draft upon physical force. . .

Every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Huxley Literature

Compiled by James Waldo Fawcett.

(1)—*Works of Thomas Henry Huxley.*

"On the Anatomy and the Affinity of the Medusae," 1848?
"On the Educational Value of the Natural History Sciences," 1854.
"The Oceanic Hydrozoa," 1859.
"Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," 1863.
"On Our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature," 1863.
"Lectures on the Elements of Comparative Anatomy," 1864.
"An Elementary Atlas of Comparative Osteology," 1864.
"Catalogue of the Fossils in the Museum of Practical Geology," with R. Etheridge, 1865.
"Palaeontologia Indica: Vertebrate Fossils," 1866.
"Lessons in Elementary Physiology," 1869.
"An Introduction to the Classification of Animals," 1869.
"Protoplasm: the Physical Basis of Life," 1869.
"Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews," 1870.
"A Manual of the Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals," 1871.
"On Yeast," 1872.
"Critiques and Addresses," 1873.
"A Manual of the Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals," 1877.
"American Addresses," 1877.
"Physiography," 1877.
"Hume," 1878.
"Science Primers, Introductory," 1880.
"The Crayfish: an Introduction to the Study of Zoology," 1880.
"Science and Culture," 1881.
"Essays upon Some Controverted Questions," 1892.
"Evolution and Ethics," 1893.
"Collected Essays," 9 volumes, 1893-94.
Including: "Method and Results," "Darwiniana," "Science and Education," "Science and Hebrew Tradition," "Science and Christian Tradition," "Discourses: Biological and Geological" and other papers.
"Scientific Memoirs," 4 volumes, edited by Sir Michael Foster and Sir E. Ray Lankester, 1898-1902.
An authorized edition of his minor writings appeared in 8 duo-decimo volumes, 1897-1900.
Note:—Huxley wrote the articles on "Actinozoa," "Amphibia," "Animal Kingdom," "Biology," and "Evolution," in the 9th edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

(2)—*Books concerning Thomas Huxley.*

"Life of Huxley," by Leonard Huxley, 1900. (Brief biography.)
"Life and Letters," by Leonard Huxley, 2 volumes, 1900.
"Thomas Henry Huxley: A Sketch of His Life and Work," by P. C. Mitchell, 1900.
"Thomas Henry Huxley," by Edward Clodd, 1902.
"Thomas H. Huxley," by J. R. A. Davis, 1907.
"Huxley," by G. Leighton, 1912.

(3)—*Mention of Thomas Henry Huxley.*

"Reminiscences of Huxley," in "Essays: Historical and Literary," by John Fiske, 1907.
"Huxley," in "Charles Darwin and Other English Thinkers," by S. P. Cadman, 1911.
"Anecdotes of Huxley," in "Stories of Authors," by E. W. Chubb, 1910.
"Thomas Huxley," in "English and American Philosophy Since 1800," by A. K. Rogers, 1922.
Article on Huxley in "Encyclopaedia Britannica."
Article on Huxley in "New International Encyclopaedia."
"The Outline of History," by H. G. Wells, 1921.
"Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," by Sir Francis Darwin, 1887.
"More Letters of Charles Darwin," by Sir Francis Darwin, 1903.
"Springtime and Other Essays," by Sir Francis Darwin, 1919.

I love England for her great heretics, for her thinkers and her philosophers. I love her for Francis and Roger Bacon, Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin, Huxley. . . .

—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones,* in "Love for Battle-Torn Peoples."

From: "The Journal of a Disappointed Man."
March 4, 1911:

"The Doctor's orders 'Cease Work' have brought on in an aggravated form my infatuation for zoological research. I lie in bed and manufacture rolling periods in praise of it, I get dithyrambic over the zoologists themselves—Huxley, Wallace, Brooks, Lankester. I chortle to reflect that in zoology there are no stock exchange ambitions, there is no mention of slum life, tariff reform is not included. In the repose of the spacious laboratory by the seaside or in the halls of some great museum, life with its vulgar struggles, its hustle and obscenity, scarcely penetrates. Behind those doors, life flows slowly, deeply. I am ascetic and long for the monastic seclusion of a student's life."

December 14, 1914:

"On my mantelpiece stands a photograph of Huxley —the hero of my youth—which old B— has always taken to be that of my grandpapa!"

—*W. N. P. Barbellion* (Bruce Frederick Cummings)

The Story of My Mind

XIII.

My poetical studies led me to the conclusion that literature rather than theology is the surest guide to the higher facts of life. Theology became repugnant to me, and I cast it aside in most of its teachings and conclusions. Its abstractions and its dogmas, its hard and fast insistence upon ideas which grew out of the primitive conditions of mankind, and have no meaning for the life of today, led me to regard it with repugnance and contempt. The religion I came to care for was one of life, one of the products of daily experience, direct outcome of the thinking and the life of today. Theology has its basis in mythology and in philosophical abstractions, and no one who lives in the real life of the present time ever uses its phrases in which to state his convictions. It has been worn threadbare of any real meaning; but it is in poetry, art, literature, and social interpretation, that we are to find the only genuine religion of the present age. It may be I could not have successfully defended these conclusions, but they came to me, and I found satisfaction in them. From that time to this I have for the most part turned away from theological works as I would turn away from moral vice or a contagious disease.

What I have written here may give the impression that I was an extremist in religious thought, and that I had cast aside most of what is accepted as of worth in religion. On the contrary, I was regarded by my friends as rather conservative in my religious thinking. The fact is, I was interested in what makes for the advancement of the life of today, what will quicken the thinking and beautify the living of the men and women around me. I had long since come to regard all religions as of essentially the same nature, and I had ceased to care, in any considerable degree for what belongs to sect and philosophical party. I accepted Christianity as the religion of the most progressive nations, as that into which I had been born, which had in large degree shaped my emotional life and the motives to my conduct, and I did not think it worth while to reject it or to insist that it was without an autocratic validity. It was my religion because I was born into it, and I had a right from this point of view to regard myself as a Christian, even if I did not accept Christianity as a revelation with supernatural authentication.

I now realize that I had been influenced by my environment since I came to New England, that I had become less outspoken, that I had grown more conservative in my religious outlook upon the church and all religious institutions. This change, however, was not brought about at once. I had not yet realized that Unitarianism in New England socially represented one of the most conservative of religious bodies, and that it had intellectually departed only a small way from the older metaphysical abstractions which serve as bases of truth. I was to learn the truth here slowly, but it came to me surely in the end. The creed of a church, I was to find, is not in what it intellectually professes or does not profess, but in what it embodies in its attitude towards life and its social problems.

At this period of my life I was much interested in literature as one of the greatest phases of man's expression of himself. I had no expectation of becoming a writer of poetry, novels or even of history; but literature in all its forms of utterance was to me of the utmost significance as a form of culture, as a manifestation of man's imagination and his constructive power. Literature as history, as the social voicing of man's aspirations and needs, as an expression of genius, appealed to me in the most emphatic manner. I sought to know it in all times and countries, in so far as that was possible. In some degree it took the place to me personally of religion; and this interest may have much to do with my revolt against all forms of theology. What man has been and is, it seemed to me, was far more truly shown in literature than in the rituals and metaphysic of religion.

At one of the meetings of the Boston Authors' Club in later years I had some conversation with Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton on the subject of history, which she pronounced to be dry and uninteresting. I said to her that history of the real sort was to be found in poetry, in the folk-tales of the people, in the romances which spring out of the real life of men and women, in those heroic endeavors after freedom and justice with which the history of all nations abounds. "Oh," was her reply, "if that is the manner in which you regard history, I grant you that it is interesting; but that is not what the standard historians tell us about in their great works." "Even so," was my answer, "for the historians tell us only of the doings of war-chiefs and masters of political situations, not of the real activities of the people. When they learn to write of what the common men and women are doing and thinking, how they live, what they feel and what they aspire to, then you will have something throbbing with interest on every page of it."

For a time I had some thought that I might become a literary critic, and, comparing one literature with another, the great writers with the conditions which produced them, I might be able to make literature seem to many what it is, the great interpretation of a nation's life. I soon realized that my knowledge was too limited for such a task, and that one must be able to read many languages and to acquire intimate acquaintance with all the most important literatures. I am sure that my thought was correct, though my ability was not equal to the task I had conceived as one I should gladly have entered upon had I known enough.

My interest in literature has never lessened, but I ceased to find in it the same artistic satisfaction which was once its greatest appeal; but have turned more and more to its voicings of life, of the real comedies and tragedies of experience, and, even in its cruder forms, the daily activities of men and women who live close to nature and to what is real. The unconscious utterances of the poets are worth more than their studied efforts in the interpretation of heroic personalities; and those who wrote in the youth of the world are more real, more genuine, on this account. The products of culture have come to seem to me of less value than the natural utterances of those who have faced life in its stern uncompromising demands, and have conquered the world in behalf of saner living and a more brotherly conduct.

I have tried to make it plain, in what I have written, how it was that I could accept Christianity, and remain a minister of religion, although I believed in none of the dogmas usually regarded as a necessary part of Christianity, and discarded nearly all the forms and customs asociated with the life of the Church. I was not a churchman in any sense, as I thought. In all my literary work I carefully omitted the use of the professional title before my name, and it came to be to me more and more repugnant. The reason for this was that I came to dislike exceedingly those conventional standards in regard to the thinking and the conduct of a clergyman which were accepted universally as right and just. I wished to speak to men and women as a man, as one living the same life with themselves, and having the same experiences. While I consented to the wearing of the dress of the class to which I belonged, and did not think it desirable to reject the customary pulpit routine of the Congregational churches, I was not in any degree inclined to ask favors of any kind because of my profession. It disturbed me greatly, on many occasions, that I was expected to act not as a man, but as a representative of the Church, and to act and think in a prescribed manner, which had become traditionally associated with the administration of religion professionally.

After the publication of one of my early books there appeared in a denominational newspaper a letter signed by one of the leading clergymen in the immediate neighborhood of Boston, who asserted that the preacher ought to give his undivided attention to his professional duties, and that he ought, if he published magazine articles or books, to confine himself to those subjects growing immediately out of his calling as a teacher of religion. Although I felt quite certain that this letter had been written for my admonition and correction, I made no reply to it. I preferred to permit it to pass by in silence rather than to call attention to the fact that I regarded the profession in a manner different from that of my critic. I had a right to my own opinions on the subject, and to shape my conduct in a way satisfying to myself. Accordingly, I went on as before, though not without assurance from older and wiser men that every professional man needs an avocation, as well as a vocation, and that the vocational duties are better performed because of the avocation. With this assurance I comforted myself, and held to my own course. In my attitude towards the forms of the church, and towards professional etiquette and standards of conduct, I was by no means alone, for I found that others felt in regard to them quite as I did, and were as little inclined to be denominational and to submit to professional exactions.

I have no doubt, however, that had I devoted myself exclusively to my profession, and sought every possible opportunity for advancing the cause of religion as represented by the denomination to which I belonged, which would have involved the furthering of my own interests in this direction, I could have reached a far higher degree of success in it than I have actually attained. And yet for me no position I could have reached, not even the highest the denomination has to offer to any one, could have compensated me for the inevitable foregoing of the student's life I have been able to lead in the humble places I have occupied. The joy of books and of mastering the problems to which I have given attention is one, I am convinced, I could have had in no other manner than that which has actually directed my life. The satisfactions of study, of investigation and fearless inquiry, cannot be surpassed in any other direction or by any other avocation. Professional success would have been pleasant, and would have given its compensations of one kind and another; but it would have been at the price of conformity, sectarian loyalty, and a life restricted to very narrow limits. I have deliberately preferred the freedom, the liberty of inquiry, the joy of open-mindedness, in regard to whatever problem attracted me, rather than any outward success and prosperity. Professional honors may be desirable and sweet; but the compensations which come to the student are unalloyed and delightful. Could I live my life over again, and with any advantage from experience, I would deliberately and unqualifiedly choose the way of the student, even if its outward rewards were only poverty and failure.

Behind all questions of etiquette and professional conduct was the far deeper problem of religion itself, its nature and its sanctions. Rejecting without hesitation every form of the miraculous and the supernatural, I found the basis for religion in reason, in human experience, and in the intuitions of the mind. We are religious, I thought, as we are poetical, artistic, affectionate, and conscientious, because it is natural to man. I could not conceive of any reason why religion should be validated by what is marvellous than that agriculture, art, the family, or any other phase of human experience, should be thus authenticated. We are born to be religious, and all races of men have accepted some form of ritual and worship. We pray and worship as we love and sing, as result of racial need and personal experience.

In all my attempts to define religion to myself, and to find reasons for its acceptance, I was but following the lead of the school of thought to which I belonged. I was not thinker enough to have thought out these conclusions for myself, and I accepted them as they came to me. Of course, I preferred them to the other theories of religion with which I became familiar, for they commended themselves to me as more rational, more modern and progressive, and as more in harmony with science and the later forms of philosophical thinking. At any rate, for the time being, they satisfied me, and they enabled me to go on with my professional occupations with a satisfied conscience and with an intellectual sincerity.

It may be that I had no very definite idea as to the nature of the intuitive process by which I assumed that all men are naturally religious. Some of the Free Religionists called in question this assumption that all men are naturally religious, that there is in man a faculty of any kind authenticating religious rituals, feelings, and beliefs. I gave attentive consideration to this objection, but as I was not much concerned about the merely theoretical basis of religion or its philosophical validity, I preferred to hold on my way with the assurance that religion may serve a very practical end in human life. Reason, intuition, instinct, inward light, voice of God uttered in conscience, what mattered it which of these theories one accepted, if religion proved to invigorate the thinking of men and women, led them to nobler conduct, and inspired them to attempt to make their fellows happier and better!

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

(To Be Continued)

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

MEMORIAL DAY FOR HEROES OF SOCIAL CONSTRUCTION

Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Construction is a ceremony honoring the dead whose claims to honor have long been overlooked.

Miners, railroaders, builders, electricians, mechanics, firemen, policemen, explorers, physicians, nurses, mothers, and others upon whose risks and sufferings life depends, form an army larger than any fighting force of which history has record. It is an army serving without intermission and knowing no armistice, an army that endures both pain and privation. It numbers its losses of life by the tens of thousands every year and its other casualties by the hundreds of thousands. It goes to its hard, perilous battles without decorations and without honors; it does not wait for

"the roll of the stirring drum
And the trumpet that speaks of fame."

Yet it is the army of our real national defense, our defense against hunger, cold, sickness, exposure, disorder, exhaustion, extinction: ultimately perhaps, our truest defense against foreign foes. Enabling us to supply all the world with things of necessity, comfort and beauty, the army of social construction makes the rest of the world unwilling to be our foes.

Let us hope that, some day, our people will rear a fitting monument to the heroes of social construction, a workers', investigators' and mothers' monument. Part of this monument should be a hall of record in which will be listed, from day to day, the names of all who have fallen in these socially constructive tasks.

It is in this spirit that the Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Construction is held on May 30. The day on which the heroes of the battlefield are honored is the day on which the heroes of social construction are honored. The atmosphere of the one occasion is thus utilized for the other. The common date also facilitates the comparison, bringing out the resemblances and the differences between the two.

The hour selected is eight o'clock in the morning, before the cemetery becomes crowded and before the heat and the fatigues of the day can impair the needed solemnity. The inconvenience of the early hour has the further advantage of assuring the attendance of such persons only as are truly interested and devoted.

At the Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Construction held at Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, on May 30, 1923 and 1924, the following graves were decorated: Clarence Smock, factory worker; Frank Hueftlein, police officer; Louis Tapp, railroader; Joseph Schott, fireman; Daisy K. Williams, who died in childbirth. For geographical reasons, the ceremony could not take in others who are equally deserving. An outstanding purpose of these exercises and of the publicity sought is to stimulate other groups in other localities to organize similar flower strewings for heroes of social construction until every hero and heroine of this type will be duly remembered and honored. One feature of every program should be that of reading the names of those who have, during the previous year or number of years, given their lives for the social good within that particular community. Those who are interested in starting a similar memorial in other localities will find a detailed description of the ceremony held last year, in UNITY, June 19, 1924.

(A statement issued by the Publicity Committee of the Group interested.)

A FRIENDLY TOUR

Mr. and Mrs. John Pratt Whitman of Boston are doing their bit towards Internationalism by conducting a party to Europe, which will not only have a good time but make a point of meeting groups of Liberals to give them the right hand of fellowship.

They are sailing on June 17th from New York at a cost of less than $400.00 round trip. They are visiting five groups as well as seeing the sights in Paris, Geneva, Chamonix, Interlakken, The Lauterbrunnen Valley on the Rhine to Cologne, Antwerp, London. A few more can be received in the party. Any interested write to Eleanor Wood Whitman, 65 Shore Ave., Quincy, Mass.

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HUXLEY AND EDUCATION

Huxley did not confine his genius to purely scientific investigation and explication, for he lent his great talents to purposes which more closely touched his fellow men. In the space of twenty-two years he served on no less than ten royal commissions, each dealing with subjects of considerable importance and some of grave moment to the community. Although a member of the London School Board for only two years, he is credited with doing more than any other single individual in formulating the modern theory of elementary education as equipping the child to think out and meet the problems of existence as they arise and inculcating a mental discipline which enables the subject to continue to learn to the end of life and to live while learning. In view of a constantly-recurring but never-settled controversy which is receiving considerable attention at the present time, it is interesting to note that Huxley, although avowedly an agnostic in theological matters, insisted that the Bible should be taught in the schools, partly because of its unmatchable literary qualities and partly because, to quote his own words, he was "seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion, without its use."

In his later years especially, Huxley discarded the scientist's shell and gave himself more and more to contact with the public, through the medium of lectures to general audiences, addresses to workingmen and contributions to periodicals of a popular character. Whether he spoke or wrote on science, philosophy or theology, the lucidity of his style and his gift of making his meaning both clear and attractive to the man in the street, gave his utterances unusual weight in the re-shaping of public opinion. His theological views in particular made a great impression upon the Protestant community in Great Britain, not so much in persuading his hearers or readers to concur fully in his own rather subtle and metaphysical brand of agnosticism as in dispelling something of the rigid formalism of the Anglicans and the extreme Puritanism of the Nonconformist connection. He therefore helped greatly in bringing about the saner, more tolerant and more human attitude upon religious matters which distinguishes the present day from the first three-quarters of the last century. A man of wonderful endowments, Huxley devoted his powers to the service of mankind along those lines which commended themselves to his brilliant mind and his sensitive conscience, and the world is greatly in his debt today.—From Montreal *Gazette*.

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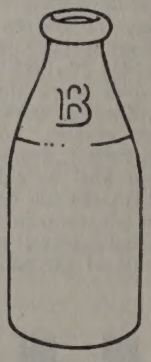

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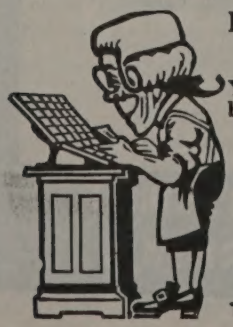

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